

COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN.

Devoted to Temperance, Morality, Literature, Arts, Science, Business and General intelligence.

ULYSSES WARD, Editor and Proprietor.

[DAILY.]

Rev. J. T. WARD, Assistant Editor.

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THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,

EDITED AND PUBLISHED DAILY

BY ULYSSES WARD.

ASSISTED BY HIS SON,
REV. J. T. WARD.

At One Cent per Number.

ALSO,

THE WEEKLY FOUNTAIN,

At 3 cents per number, \$1 per year.

3 subscribers, \$2.

Office on Pennsylvania avenue, a few doors East of the Railroad.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square of 14 lines, 1 insertion 37 cts.
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1 " 3 times per week for three months \$3 75
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While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publisher. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

The Eastern Mail for Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, closes at 4 and 9 P. M. daily, except on Saturday nights.

No mails sent East of Baltimore on Sunday morning.

The mails from the above cities arrive daily at 9 A. M. and 8 P. M. except Sunday night. The Western Mail closes at 9 P. M. and arrives at 8 P. M. daily.

The Southern Mail closes at 8 A. M. and arrives at 5 P. M. daily.

Office open from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. daily, except Sunday, on which day it is open from 7 1/2 A. M. to 10 A. M., and from 12 M. to 1 1/2 P. M., and from 7 to 9 P. M.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK—MORRIS ROBINSON, President.

Having been appointed agent for the above named institution, I am prepared to receive applications for insurance on life for one or more years, or for the duration of life. The advantages of the mutual principle above the heretofore more usual joint-stock companies are so great that it is only necessary to understand the principles of its operation to give a decided preference to the mutual plan. A treatise on the subject and forms of application for insurance can be had at my store on 7th street, immediately opposite the National Intelligencer office. C. S. FOWLER, Agent.

Feb 24-31st

EARTHENWARE, CHINA & GLASS.

THO. PURSELL has just imported per ships, Meteor and Georgia, from Liverpool direct, sixty-four crates and hogsheads of Earthenware and China and from our own manufactories fifty packages of cut, pressed, and plain Glass, all of the latest style, which, with his former extensive stock, embraces almost every article in his line of business.

Cornelius's solar, tard, or oil Lamps, new patterns, and at reduced prices
Lamp Glasses and Wicks, of all sizes
Waiters, Ivory-handle and other Knives and Forks, in sets of 51 pieces or otherwise
Real, silver, and Albetta table, tea, and dessert Spoons

Plated German Silver and Britannia Castors
Cut and plain Hall Lamps
Liverpool Stand and Side Lamps
Plated Cake Baskets, Looking Glasses
Shovel and Tongs, Spittoons
Rich cut and plain Decanters, Claret, Finger Bowls, Wine-coolers, Champagne, Hocks.

These goods will be sold, wholesale or retail, at the very lowest prices.

A good assortment of common goods, new pattern and excellent quality, suitable for retail groceries
Pipes, in boxes
First quality Stoneware, at factory prices

Also, Britannia Ware, wholesale, at factory prices, from the best manufactory in this country
English Britannia Coffee and Tea Sets, Coffee Beggins, &c. &c.

A call from his friends and the public generally is solicited, at his store, opposite Brown's Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

THO. PURSELL

C. ECKLOFF & SONS,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
South side of Pennsylvania avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the public to their assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, of the latest styles. They believe them to be unsurpassed in beauty and fabric. It is suggested to all who are in want of articles in our line to examine our goods, prices, &c. We have no doubt they will be fully satisfied of the fact that our goods, cut, finish and prices, are unexceptionable in all their requisites.

We have at all times a large and fashionable assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING on hand, of our own make, which we can with confidence recommend as being of superior finish, which, together with an assortment of Fancy Articles, renders our stock well worthy the attention of the public.

April 28 th. [Nat. Intelligencer ed. 1m.]

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHEAP FOR CASH!!

L. S. BECK,
House-Furnishing Store, Pennsylvania Avenue, South side, between 9th and 10th streets, Washington.

I have on hand new and second-hand goods: such as Bedsteads, Beds, and Bedding; Tables, Chairs, Bureaus and Sideboards; China, Glass, and Crockeryware, Cutlery, Hollow-ware of every variety, Shovels and Tongs, Carpets, Brooms, Brushes, Willow and Woodenware; with a variety of articles too numerous to mention. apr 16

BENJAMIN HOMANS,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant, Between 10th and 11th Streets, fronting Pennsylvania Avenue.

Sales of Real Estate, Furniture, and Personal Property, attended to at any place within the city. march 9-11

DENNIS PUMPHREY'S Livery Stable, corner of 6th and C streets. Horses and Carriages to hire. Horses taken at livery, and kept in the best manner.

A. GLADMON,
House Carpenter and Joiner.

Shop corner of 9th and M streets, Washington. Where, at all times, Sash, Blinds, Doors, &c., can be had. All manner of work in his line will be executed at the shortest notice.

HOMOEOPATHY.—Dr. Jonas Green, (late of Philadelphia,) tenders his professional services to the citizens of Washington and its vicinity, as a practitioner of the Homoeopathic system of medicine. His residence is on C street, near 3d. dec 23-11

BRISCOE & CLARKE, Dealers in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., Pennsylvania Avenue, a few doors west of Brown's Hotel.

ISAAC STODDARD.—Blacksmithing in general, on Four and a half, between E and F sts. Work done cheap.

WILLIAM P. SHEDD,
Old Centre Market, opposite J. Walker's.

KEEPS constantly for sale all kinds of fresh meats; meat well dressed, and at moderate prices. march 11-11

PRESLEY SIMPSON, Pennsylvania Avenue, North side, 2d door east of 11th street, keeps a general assortment of Family Groceries.

ANDREW J. JOYCE, Horse Shoeing and Smithing Establishment, successor to John Daley, corner of 14th and E streets, near Fuller's Hotel. Thankful for the patronage he has received from a liberal public, he solicits a continuance of the same.

W. H. GUNNELL.—Dealer in Lumber, Lime, Wood, &c. Corner of Canal and 6th streets, near Pennsylvania Avenue.

DR. HAMILTON P. HOWARD, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Washington, D. C. He may be found at Dr. F. Howard's, N. E. corner of F and 11th sts. Dec 2-

RICHARD VANSANT,

Merchant Tailor and Gentlemen's Furnishing store, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 14th and 15th streets, and adjoining Fuller's Hotel. march 12-11

W. M. NOELL, Venetian Blind maker, south side Pennsylvania Avenue, between 9th and 10th streets. Blinds of all sizes and colors, furnished to order. Old blinds retimed and painted.

JONATHAN T. WALKER.—House carpenter and joiner on K street, shop corner K and 8th streets.

FRANCIS Y. NAYLOR,

Copper, Tin, Sheet-Iron and Stove Manufacturer. Roofing, Guttering, Spouting, &c. South side Pennsylvania Avenue, near Third-street, Washington, City, D. C.

C. H. VAN PATTEN, M. D., Dentist, PERFORMS all operations upon the Teeth, Gums and Mouth, with the greatest care and skill. Office near Brown's Hotel, and next door to Todd's Hat Store. feb 25-11

I. S. BALL,

Dealer in Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars, Pennsylvania Avenue, between Fuller's & Gallabrun's Hotel. april 22.

I. S. BALL, also repairs Watches and Jewelry. april 22-11

EARTHENWARE, CHINA AND GLASS,

T. PURSELL, Importer and Dealer in E. Ware, China and Glass, wholesale and retail, at his store, opposite Brown's Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington city, D. C.

CUPPING, LEECHING AND BLEEDING

A large supply of best Swedish Leeches, already on hand, to be applied or for sale, by SAML. DEVAUGHN, 9th street.

Who also has ICE for sale whenever called for, as above. april 2-11

W. WHITNEY.—Boot and Shoe Dealer, opposite Brown's Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, has received his fall stock of Boots and Shoes suitable for plantation use, he invites the attention of those who wish such articles, and promises them good bargains.

GEORGE COLLARD,

DEALER IN LUMBER, WOOD, COAL, LIME SAND, AND CEMENT.

Corner of 6th st. and Missouri Avenue. Nov. 4

D. CLAGETT & CO.,

DEALERS IN FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, CURTAIN STUFFS, &c.

Corner of 9th street & Penn. Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FURNITURE.—New and second hand, daily received. For sale, on reasonable terms, by B. HOMANS, april 13. Between 10th and 11th streets.

J. E. W. THOMPSON,

CABINET MAKER & UNDERTAKER,

F between 13th and 14th sts. north side. Hearses kept, and funerals attended to. Nov. 4-7

POETRY.

Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn, and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling.—Percival.

For the Columbian Fountain.

THE INVITATION.

BY JAMES LITTLE.

Air.—Walk along John.

To all toppers we would say,
From liquor, liquor come away,
And join our noble, temperance cause,
For we are truly the bo-boys,
Then come along all, do not stay,
From liquor come, O come away!

Drinking is a beastly vice,
And will its victim sacrifice;
Starve both wife and children sure,
And keep his votary always poor.
Then come along all, do not stay,
From liquor come, O come away!

Liquor has its millions slain,
And millions also made insane,
Both young and old hath felt its force—
Of fell destruction 'tis the source.
Then come along all, do not say,
From liquor come, O come away!

On we're marching to our goal,
And soon we'll reach from pole to pole,
Spread o'er the earth we'll loudly ball,
We've triumphed over Alcohol.
Then come along all, do not stay,
From liquor come, O come away!

We invite, the pledge to sign,
All who do that way incline;
We'll hail you to a noble cause,
Supported by cold water boys.
Then come along all, do not stay,
From liquor come, O come away!

Washington, Sept. 21, 1846.

The above song was composed by James Little. It is dedicated to the Brothers of Temperance; to be sung at public meetings.

C. K. MUNCK,
Gun, Locksmith, and Bell-Hanger, D. Between 6th and 7th Streets.

F. HOWARD'S IMPROVED CHEMICAL

Chloride Soap.

THIS SOAP has fully stood the test of experience, and is deservedly more celebrated than any other in use, for rendering the skin smooth and soft, removing chaps, pimples and blemishes; for the preservation of the teeth and gums, and the cure of offensive breath; for cleansing and healing sores and wounds; for preserving and curing cutaneous diseases, particularly in infants; for bleaching muslins and handkerchiefs, and for the removal of grease, paint, tar, &c., from clothing. It is also much esteemed as a Shaving Soap. Prepared only by THOMAS P. MORGAN, Chemist, (Successor to F. Howard,) Washington, D. C.

For sale by the Druggists of the District. sep 7-1m

FOR SALE.

LOT 5 in square 29. Lots 20, 21, in square 70. Lot C in square 170, this lot is near General Townson's. About 10,000 square feet of ground in square 231, this is at the southwest corner of the square, corner of C and 15. Lot 2, in square 257, with 5 frame houses. Lot 1, 2, 3, and 4, in square 294, with 4 frame houses. Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, being the whole of square 399. Part of lot with a neat frame house in square 325, this lot fronts 33 feet on 11th street. Lots 1 and 2, in square B, with 7 brick houses. Parts of lots 9 and 10, in square B. Blacksmith, wheelwright, and carpenter shops. Part of lot 16 in 453, with two brick houses. Lot 5 in reservation D, fronting 43 feet on Maryland Avenue. Lots 6, and 7, in reservation C, fronting 129 feet on Maryland Avenue. Lots 28 and 29 in square C, with frame houses. Lot 24 in square 534. Lots 2, 3, and 15, in square 535, with 8 frame houses. Frame house and lot in square south of square 516. Lot 15 in square 562. Lot 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 46 and 47, in square 513, with 2 frame buildings. Lot 2, in square 613.

Also for sale \$625 of stock in the Bank of Metropolitan; \$2,360 stock in the Bank of Washington; \$1,750 stock in the Potomac Fire Insurance Company of Georgetown; \$1,400 stock in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Enquire at this office. aug 5

Fine Watch Repairing.

CHRONOMETER, Duplex, Lever, Lepine, Repeating and Music Watches, accurately repaired, also common Watches, Clocks, and Music boxes, put in order, at the sign of the Watch, with the guard, key, and chain, north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, between second and third streets.

By CHAUNCEY WARRINER.

HATTERS.

STEVEN'S & EMMONS will introduce the "Autum" fashions for Gents Hats on Saturday Sept. 5.

In accordance with our usual custom we shall introduce simultaneously, "Leary's" and Beebe & Costor's Fashion's.

Gentlemen who have their sizes registered with us will forward their orders.

Sales Rooms Nos 1. & 2, Browns Hotel.

CUMBERLAND COAL.

from the celebrated mines of the Maryland Mining Company, and of a quality better than any heretofore offered in this market, can be had by the car load, or smaller quantity, at

J. PURDY'S

Coal and Lumber Yard, Centre-market.

Feb 6-11

JOB PRINTING,

in all its varieties, neatly and expeditiously executed at the office of the Columbian Fountain.

CHOICE READING.

"If you enlighten the people, do not forget that this is but half the work. Let them be made virtuous and religious, or you leave them more exposed to danger than they were before."

From the Saturday Courier.

TRENTON,

OR, THE FOOTSTEP IN THE SNOW.

A TRADITION OF CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was a dark and dreary night, sixty-nine years ago, when, in an ancient farm house, that rises along yonder shore, an old man and his children had gathered around their Christmas hearth.

It was a lovely picture. The old man, sitting there on the broad hearth, in the full glow of the flame—his dame, a fine old matron by his side—his children, a band of red-lipped maidens—some with slender forms, just trembling on the verge of girlhood—others warming and flushing into the summer morn of womanhood. And the warm glow of the fire was upon the white locks of the poor old man, and on the mild face of his wife, and the young bloom of those fair daughters.

Had you, on that dark night—for it was dark and cold—while the December sky gloomed above, and the sleet swept over the hills of the Delaware—have drawn near that farm-house window, and looked in upon that Christmas hearth, and drank in the full beauty of that scene, you would confess with me, that though this world has many beautiful scenes—much of the strangely beautiful in poetry—yet there, by that hearth, centered and brightened and burned that poetry, which is most like Heaven, the poetry of Home!

You have all heard the story of the convict, who stood on the gallows imbrued in crime—steeped to the lips in blood—stood there, mocking at the preacher's prayer, mocking even the hangman. When, suddenly, as he stood with the rope about his neck, his head sank—a single, burning, scalding tear rolled down his cheek.

"I was thinking," said he, in a broken voice, "I was thinking of the—Christmas fire!"

Yes, in that moment, when the preacher failed to warn, when even the hangman could not awe—a thought came over the convict's heart at that time, when a father and his children, in a far land, gathered around the Christmas fire.

That thought melted his iron soul.

"I care not for your ropes and your gibbets," he said. "But now, in that far land—there over the waters—my father, my brothers, my sisters, are sitting around their Christmas fire. They are waiting for me. And I am here—here upon the scaffold!"

Is there not a deep poetry in the scene that could thus touch a murderer's soul and melt it to tears?

And now as the old man, his wife, his daughters, clustered around their fire, tell me, why does that old man's head droop slowly down, his eyes fill, his hands tremble?

Ah, there is one absent from the Christmas hearth.

He is thinking of his absent one—his manly, brave boy, who has been gone from the farm house for a year.

But hark! Even as the thought comes over him, the silence of that fire-side is broken by a faint cry, a faint moan, heard over the wastes of snow from afar.

The old man grasped a lantern, and with that young girl by his side, goes out upon the dark night.

Look there—as following the sound of that moan, they go softly over the frozen path; how the lantern flashes over their forms—over a few white paces of frozen snow—while beyond all is darkness!

Still that moan, so low, so faint, so deep toned, quivers on the air.

Something arrests the old man's eye there in the snow—they bend down, he and his daughter—and they gaze upon that sight.

It is a human footstep painted in the snow—painted in human blood!

"My child," whispers the old man tremulously, "Now pray to Heaven for Washington. For by this footstep, stamped in blood, I judge that his army is passing near this place."

Still the moan quivers on the air.

Then the old man and that young girl, following those footsteps stained in blood, one, two, three, four—look how the red tokens crimson the white snow—following these bloody foot-prints; go on until they reach that rock, beetling over the river shore.

There the lantern light flashes over the form of a half-naked man, crouching down in the snow—freezing and bleeding to death.

The old man looks upon that form clad in the ragged uniform of the Continental

army—the stiffened fingers grasping the battered musket.

It was his only son!

He called to him—the young girl knelt, and you may be sure there were tears in her eyes—chafed her brother's hands—ah, they were stiff and cold. And when she could not warm them, gathered them to her young bosom, and wept her tears upon his dying face.

Suddenly the brother raised his head, he extended his hand towards the river—"Look there father," he said in a husky voice.

And bending down over the rock, the old man looked far over the river.

There, under the dark sky, a fleet of boats were tossing amid piles of floating ice. A fleet of boats bearing men and arms, and extending in irregular line from shore to shore.

And the last boat of the fleet—that boat just leaving the western shore of the Delaware; the old man saw that too, and saw even through the darkness, yon tall form muffled in a warrior's cloak, with a grey war-horse by his side.

Was that not a strange sight to see at the dead of night, on a dark river, under a darker sky?

The old man turned to his dying son to ask the meaning of this mystery.

"Father," gasped the brave boy, tottering to his feet. "Father, give me my musket—help me on—help me down to the river—for to-night—to-night—"

As that word was on his lips, he fell. He fell, and lay there, stiff and cold. Still on his lips there hung some faintly spoken words.

The old man—that fair girl bent down—they listened to those words.

"To-night—Washington—the British—to-night—Trenton!"

And with that word gasping on his lips—"Trenton," he died.

The old man did not know the meaning of that word; until the next morning. Then, that old man, with his wife and children, gathered round the body of that dead boy, knew the meaning of that single word that had trembled on his lips. Knew that Geo. Washington had burst like a thunderbolt upon the British camp in Trenton.

Ah, that was a merry Christmas party which the British officers kept in the town of Trenton sixty-nine years ago,—although it is true, that to that party came an uninvited guest, one Mr. Washington, his half-clad army, and certain bold Jerseymen.

Would that I might linger here and picture the great deeds of that morning, sixty-nine years ago.

Would that I might linger here upon the holy ground of Trenton.

For it is holy ground. For it was here, in the darkest hour of the revolution, that George Washington made one stout and gallant blow in the name of that declaration which fifty-six bold men had proclaimed in the old State House of Philadelphia six months before.

Then, if that State House is the Mecca of Freedom, to which the pilgrims of all climes may come to worship, then is the battle-ground of Trenton the twin-Mecca—the Jerusalem of Freedom—to which the children of Liberty, from every clime, may come—look upon the footsteps of the mighty dead—bring their offerings—shed their tears.

December 26th, 1776.

It was a dark night, but the first gleam of morning shone over the form of George Washington, as he stood beside the Hessian leader, Ralle, who lay in yonder room, wrestling with death—yes, Washington stood there, and placed the cup to his feverish lips, and spoke a prayer for his passing soul.

It was a dark night, but the gleam of morning shone over yon cliff, darkening above the wintry river, over the frozen snow, where a father, a wife, a band of children, clustered around the cold form of a dead soldier.

He was clad in rags, but there was a grim smile on his white lips—his frozen hand still clenched with an iron grasp the broken musket.

His face, so cold, so pale, was wet with his sister's tears, but his soul had gone to yonder Heaven, there to join the martyrs of Trenton and of Bunker Hill.

WORTHINGTON G. SNETHEN.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

WASHINGTON, D. C., practices in the Supreme Court of the United States and in several courts of the District of Columbia, and prosecutes all manner of claims against the United States, either before Congress or the different departments of the government.

Keep Clean.

THE largest assortment of the best BRUSHES constantly kept on hand at my Hardware and Variety Store, Pennsylvania Avenue, near 9th street, wholesale and retail. GEO. SAVAGE. april 22-11 [Nat. Intelligencer 3L]

MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. PHILANDER GOULD offers his professional services to the citizens of Washington. Office on Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite Messrs. Brown's Hotel. april 11-6m